In Love, You Take Leave of Your Senses

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In Love, You Take Leave of Your Senses

by amoralagent

Summary

"If we are to love in familiar ways, akin to our childhood relationships, what possessed you to love me?"

Will let go of the dog ears he was holding up in the air in a childish form of entertainment, looking over to Hannibal, blinking: "Excuse me?"

Hannibal is making something at the dining table and gets Will caught up in a conversation about the roots of love, and what they mean to each other. It's not as frilly as I'm making it sound, but it is lovely.

Notes

The title is something Hannibal says from s2ep10.

See the end of the work for more notes

"If we are to love in familiar ways, akin to our childhood relationships, what possessed you to love me?"

Will let go of the dog ears he was holding up in the air in a childish form of entertainment, looking over to Hannibal, blinking: "Excuse me?"

"You heard me." Hannibal countered, glancing up briefly. He moved to pick up another tool and, adjusting the angle of his magnifier, fiddled with something else.

"Uh. *Well*, I can tell you my father wasn't a murderer." Will said plainly, getting up and padding over to him, followed by the sound of claws on wood, "What are you even doing?" There were little bits of metal, and tiny screws, and components sprawled out on the dining table; Hannibal at the helm, tinkering.

"Construction." He provided, offhandedly, looking pointedly at one of the bigger dogs- a bull mastiff- as it tried to sniff at his work.

"Are you making a bomb? Should I be worried?" Hannibal smiled at that, not providing an answer.

"What connections can you make?"

"Oh, Jesus. The want to be understood. Appreciated, deeply." He paused, absently scratching at the scar on his cheek, "Fear of your anger."

Hannibal's smile widened, "I feel as those things are reciprocated."

Will nodded, decidedly wandering over to that kitchen: "It's definitely masochistic." He noted, collecting some leftover chocolate and ginger crémeux from the fridge, a spoon, and returning.

"Our relationship is boundless."

"*Boundary*-less." Will corrected, moving a few of the pieces out of the way to sit and eat adjacent to Hannibal as he worked.

"That too." Hannibal watched him rearrange his placement with very slight offence, but made no move to stop him- continuing his work when he'd sat down and began eating.

"That's your fault." He said, halfway through a mouthful.

"Of course it is."

Will considered whatever it was Hannibal was currently making, all the parts laid out, "We are two halves of one whole." He was half-joking, but he felt that it was true, really.

"A bond formed on bloodshed." Hannibal concurred, "The metaphysical, the taboo. Masochism is an inevitable counterpart."

He almost choked a little on his food, "That's a very dark, weirdly romantic, thing to say."

"A connection like ours is unmatched." Hannibal declared, meeting his eyes very briefly, "It's a rarity."

Will continued eating, thinking. He was surprised he could focus on the conversation entirely, given that the dessert was so good. Licking the spoon, he then gestured with it as he said: "Anyone would expect it to be fucked up is what you're saying."

"Perhaps." Hannibal offered, collecting a precision screwdriver.

"Are we soulmates, then?"

The question made Hannibal stop his work for a moment, visibly arranging his thoughts, and looking to Will with soft eyes, "The concept, however accurate, is cliché and reductive." Will gave him a blank look, "But yes. I suppose so."

Will smiled, "I'm flattered." Then, for a while, there was just the sound of the spoon hitting the sides of the bowl, and the clinking and scraping of Hannibal's work. One of the smaller dogs wormed it's way under the table and flopped down at Will's feet. He stroked her idly with his toes, gathering the bravery it took to pry. Swallowing, he raised his head, "What parallels would you draw?"

"From childhood?" Hannibal asked, as if he wasn't properly listening.

"Yeah."

It was quiet for so long Will thought Hannibal wasn't going to answer. Pausing his eating, he sat waiting as Hannibal continued to work, appearing to ignore him. Until: "A basic, primordial need for a companion. Someone to nurture-- as my own creation, in a way." He didn't look at Will, but he felt the emotion in his words.

"I'm Frankenstein's monster?" Will quipped, making Hannibal's eyes crinkle in a smile that didn't quite reach his lips.

"I'd never compare you to something so crude and inelegant. Your beauty succeeds that." The sincerity of it was utterly charming, and Will found himself privately awing.

"But you kind of did." Will retorted, collecting the last spoonful and reaching over to offer it to him. Meeting his gaze, he allowed himself to be fed, and returned to his task when the spoon was retracted again. Will stood, going to put his cutlery away.

"I still fail to understand why I chose to adore someone so rude." Hannibal voiced, Will's back turned to him as he placed the bowl in the sink to be washed later.

"It's probably because you secretly think it's hot." Will called back, approaching again, and slumping back down in his chair, grinning.

"I doubt it."

"Uhh, I really don't. You're filthy when you want to be." Patting one of the dog's heads, Will quirked a brow when Hannibal gave him an innocent look with the angle of his head, catching on. He then acquiesced, taking and securing one of the final pieces.

"Not contextually."

Will gave him a scrutinising look, totally unconvinced, "Don't sit there and lie to my face."

"I'm not."

"Right. Yeah. *Sure*." Hannibal didn't react, even to the sarcasm, "Are you saying you don't practically drool if I talk to you in the right way?"

"Not always." His expression gave away no indication as to whether or not he was interested in the conversation- apparently too busy screwing hinges into place.

"How dare you."

"My point stands." Hannibal conceded, putting everything down and sitting back to admire. It was a little antique box, about pocket-sized,
engraved in German, and shined to be silver. Will recognised it as the tiny music box they'd collected from a flea market a while ago, that no longer decently played the tune inside. For some reason, Hannibal had taken a shine to it.

Will reached over and turned the small box around to face him. When he opened it, Hannibal watched, and it played a chiming version of some kind of folk song. He shut it carefully, sitting back, a little confused. When he looked up Hannibal's face again, he still looked somewhat smug at his earlier statement. Will scowled at him, smiling, "I'm *never* unnecessarily offensive, I don't know what you're talking about."

"Of course you don't."

"...Fuck you."

End Notes

The song is Ein Männlein steht im Walde, and if you know what that means for Hannibal, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. (If you don't, read Hannibal Rising- I won't spoil it.)

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